AT THE TABERNACLE

L TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE DUMB DEVIL

Unstrains the Duty Insumbant Upon thitiage of Embracing Every Oppos-ntly That Office to Do Good and Ad-

Browners, May 15.—In his seemen today Rev. Dr. Talmage illustrated, in potent and convincing language, the duty incumbent upon Christians of embracing every opportunity that offers in thickits to de good and to advance the mass of the kingdom of Christ by a bold minowinelyment of their principles between. The tent selected was, Mark in, M. Thou dumb and donf spirit, I there wither, come out of him.

He sum a case of great demestic angular The son of the bounehold was posse and of an evil spirit which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient he could not say a word—articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so miled by Christ—a spirit abroad today and as Bredy and potent as in New Testmontogy I cannot find a discourse member of him.

There has been much destructive enterior has been much destructive enteriors has been much destructive enteriors has been much destructive enteriors and the manual of him.

There has been much destructive supersentes by evil spirits. Under
the form of belief in witchcraft this delation except the contacents. Persons
were supposed to be possessed with some
ovil spirit which made them able to destroy others. In the Sixteensh century
in Geneva 1,500 persons were burned to
death as witches. Under one judge in
Lording 900 persons, were burned to
death as witches. In one neighborhood
of France 1,000 persons were burned.
In two denturies 200,000 persons were
plain as witches. So mighty was the delation of the greatest intellects of
all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew
Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such senowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books, Benjamin Franklin said, shaped his life—and Richard Baxter and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther, and among writers and philosophers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, Pressee, Spain and New England. But thile we reject witcheraft any man who Tale and Sir Edward Coke, and such the we reject witchcraft any man who while we reject witchcraft any man who believe the Ilible must believe that there are disbatical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits to bless there are infernal spirits to hinder, to person and destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence when, starding before the afflicted one of the text, he said, "Thou damb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text, I at you on your guard. Do not think hat this agent of evil has put his blight a three who, by emission of the vocal guar, have had the golden gutes of much helted and barred. Among those he have never spoken a word are the sail gracious and lovely and talented and these many gracious and lovely and talented ment gracious and lovely and talented coult that were over incarrented. The chaptains of the anyteme for the dumb can tell you enchanting stories of those, who sever called the name of father or mather or child, and many of the most incent and prayerful souls will never midtle world speak the name of God or Christ. Many a deaf nute have I seen with the angel of intelligence seated at the window of the eye, who never came forth from the deer of the mouth.

What a miracle of loveliness and incoviedge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshirel Not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without slight, all these faculties re-

red by sickness when two years of go, yet becoming a wonder at needle-ork, at the piene, at the sewing ma-tine, and an intelligent student of the espitures, and confounding philosoers, who came from all parts of the recid to study the phenomenon. Thanks to Christianity for what it has done for the amelioration of the condition of the eaf and the dumb. Back in the ages they were put to death as having no right, with such pancity of equipment, to live, and for contories they were classed among the idiotic and unsafe.

elassed among the idiotic and unsafe.
But in the Sixteenth century came
Peiro Ponce, the Spanish monk, and in
the Seventeenth century came Jean Pable Bonet, another Spanish monk, with
dartylology or the finger alphabet, and
in our own century we have had John
Braidweed and Drs. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have
given uncounted thomannds of those
whose torgues were forever silent the
pewer to spell out on the eir by a manunal Mastet their thoughts about this
world and their hopes for the next. We
conice in the brilliant inventions in beland of those who were born damb.
One of the most impressive audiences
I ever addressed was in the far west two

grer addressed was in the far west two or three years ago an audience of about 600 persons who had never heard a sound or speken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them, I compraintated that audience on two advantages. I compraintated that andience on two advantages they had over the most of two-the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and on the other fact that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet after all the alleviations a shackled fangue is an appalling limitation. But we see not this morning speaking of escapatial matter. We mean those who are here with all the faculties of veralimation and yet have been struck by the cell one mentioned in the text—the dumb dowl to whom Christ called when he will, "Then dumb and deaf spirit, I sharp then come out of him."

Approximate from or structure.

There has been apotheceization of silmen. Some one has mid that effected in guiden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut.

But sometimes allence is a crime and the

etimes silence is acrime and the wait of the baieful influence of ab devil of our text. There is the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman in this house today who has not been present on some accusion when the Christian religion because a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there were not much going on and the shorts were not much going on and the shorts were in a group, or it was in the flustery at the more spall, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubroom, are it was in a sected direle, or it was in

CRAND RAPIDS HE

The street on the way have from the street new, or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the length on the Bibbs and caricatured the preference of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pen out of something that Christ anid. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some oce should making your father or mother or wife or husband or child you would finsh up quick, and either with an indignant word or dealbled up flat make response. An yet here is out. The sum of the street of the street in any in the street of the street in any in the street of the street in any in the street in an entire in the street of the street in the street of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could conferend any man who attacked Christians as those to go armed, not with sarthly weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could conferend any man who attacked Christianity. A man minety years old was stilling me a few days ago how he put to flight a scoffer. My aged friend said to copy of Joseph in the Bible? "Yos," said the man; "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read." "Well, now," asid my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?

Load or with presence at the load of the Sirical American half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right? "All the propose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well, now," asid

LOAD UP WITH INTERROGATION POINTS. Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogation points. You cannot afferd to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of steraity are assailed.
Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your father's house. You allow a shur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agomes of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready. Say to the scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in Chim and the United States? What do you think of the next and the mann?

between the condition of woman in Chisa and the United States? What do you think of the sermen on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushmell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Duxiel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels and new supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the

nest world? Go at him with a few such questions and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. on will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a

arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you surrender to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exercised when he said, "I charge these to come out of him," takes people by the wholesale. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is immulible. With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away, all they can afford in the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough beases to make a small heaven between the four walls, they let the opportunity go by unimproved.

The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that over assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand fold. But the minister rices and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precenter leads; the sudience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and a mighty harmony is about to ascend, when the evil spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb arrit—sprends his two wings, one over the lips of one-half the audience and the

spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb Avril—spreads his two wings, one over the lips of one-half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed; and the dumb devil, as he film away says. "I could not keep issue destroyed; and the dumb devil, as he flies away, says, "I could not keep Isaac Watts from writing that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I smote into silence or half silence the lips from which it would have spread abroad to bless neighborhoods and cities, and then mount the wide open heavens." Give the long meter densionly the full support of Christendem, and those four lines would take the whole earth for God.

imes would take the whole earth for God-run rowen or sono.

During the cotton famine in Lanca-shire, England, when the suffering was something terrific, as the first wagen load of cotton rolled in, the starving people unhooked the horses and drew the load themselves, singing, until all Lancashire joined in with triumphant voices, their cheeks sopping with tears, "Praise (and from whom all biomans

Tom, the drummer boy in the army, was found crying, and an officer asked him what was the matter! "Oh," he said, "I had a dream last night. My sister died ten years ago, and my mother never was herself again and she died soon after. Last night I dreamt I was killed in battle, and that mother and sister came down to meet me." After the next battle was ever, some one crossing the field heard a voice that he recognized as the voice of Tom, the drummer boy, singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." But at the end of the first verse the voice became very feeble.

My Soul." But at the end of the first verse the voice became very feeble, and at the end of the second verse it stopped, and they went up and found Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump and dead.

That hymn, "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested to Charles Weeley by Pater Bohler, who, after his conversion, said, "I had better keep silent about it." "No," said Wesley, "if you had ten thousand tongues you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words:

hymnology penned the words:

Oh, for a thousand tengues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphe of his grace.

Ariel, Brattle Street, Uxbridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, with a few regiments of mighty tunes made in our own time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

De not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of asying a Christian word that might have led a man or weenen into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning carry to the before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jawn tegether so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech, and our lungs were filled with air which, by the command of our will, could have made the investment muscles move and the versal the laryngest muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were wickedly and fatally silent. For all time and eternity

re missed our chance. or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remarks, and there was a dead halt—everything silent as a graveyard at midnight. Indeed it was a graveyard and midnight An embarrantee remarks. night. Indeed it was a graveyard and midnight An embarrassing pause took place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping somebody else would do his duty. The women feathed mades the autic passes and made else would do his duty. The women flushed under the awful pause and made their fans more rapidly flutter. Some brother with no cold coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it? —the dumb devil.

This is the way I account for the fact that the stupidest places on earth are some prayer meetings. I do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have lost occasions of usefulness? In a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the fest. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor an-This is the way I account for the fact sented Opportunity, the sculptor answered, "The face of the statue is thus covered up because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes, and the wings to the feet show that Opportunity

swiftly gone."
THE DUMP DEVIL IN POLITICS. But do not let the world devide the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The two great political parties will soon assemble to build platforms for the presidential candidates to stand on. A comidential candidates to stand on. A committee of each party will be appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation the committees will come in with a ringing report. "Whereas" and "Whereas" Pronunciamentess all shaped with the one idea of getting the most votes. All expression in regard to the great moral evils.

about the liquor traffic, for that would lose the rum vote. No expression in regard to the universal attempt at the demolition of the Lord's day. No recogmition of God in the history of this nation for that would lose the vote of atheists. But "Whereas" and "Whereas" and "Whereas." Nine cheers will be given

"Whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text will put one wing over the Republican platform and the other wing over the Democratic platform. There is nothing involved in the next election except offices. The great conventions will be opened with prayer by their chaplains. If they avoid platitudes and tell the honest truth in their prayers they will say: "O Lord, we want to be postmasters and consuls and foreign ministers and United States district attorneys. For that we are here, and for that we For that we are here, and for that we will strive till the election next November. Give us office or we die, forever The world, to say the least, is no better

than the church on this subject of silence at the wrong time. In other words, is it not time for Christianity to become pronounced and aggressive as never before? Take sides for God and sobriety and righteousness. "If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him." follow him; if Baal, then follow him."
Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin?
Rebuke it. Have you a chance to cheer
a disheartened soul? Cheer it. Have
you a useful word to speak? Speak it.
Be out and out, up and down for
righteousness. If your ship is affect on
the Pacific ocean of God's mercy, hang the Pacific ocean of God's mercy, hang out your colors from masthead. Show your passport if you have one. Do not smuggle your soul into the harbor of heaven. Speak out for God! This morning close up the chapter of lost opportunities, and pitch it into the East river and open a new chapter. Before you get to the door on your way out this morning shake hands with some one, and set him to join you on the road to have. Do not drive up to heaven in a two wheeled "sulky" with room only for one, and that yourself, but get the biggest Gospel wagen you can find, and pile it full of friends and neighbors, and shout till they hear you all up and down the skies, "Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

good concurring Israel."

The opportunity for good which you may consider insignificant may be tremendens for results, as when on sea Captain Holdane swere at the ship's crew with an oath that wished them all crew with an eath that wished them all in perdition, and a Scotch sailor touched his cap and said, "Captain, God hears prayer, and we would be badly off if you're wish were answered." Captain Holdane was convicted by the sailor's remark and converted, and became the means of the salvation of his brother Robert, who had been an infidel, and then Robert became a minister of the Gospel, and under his ministry the god-less Felix Neff became the world renowned missionary of the Cross, and the worldly Merle L'Aubigne became the author of "The History of the Reforma-tion," and will be the glory of the

Jesus, the same that calms our fears.
That bids our sorrows cease;
The music in the sinuar's ears.
The life and health and pasce.
While much of the medern music is a religious doggerel, a consecrated non-seam, a sacred tomfoolery, I would like to see seame great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal Luther's Judgment Hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle Street, Uxbridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisseline away fast.

Time files away fast.
The while we never remember;
Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisseline away fast.

The while we never remember;
How sees our life here

How soon our life here Gaws old with the year That dies with the next Dec

If you are good at figures get out your paper and pencil and try this sum. Here is a simple problem in arithmetic: A baby is born in 1892. Now suppose its ancestors had married at the age of wenty-one, from the time of our Lord -fifty-six generations-how many grand-fathers has that baby bad? The answer, fathers has that baby had? The answer, in round numbers, will be three figures followed by fifteen ciphers. Professor Prector at one time figured that if from a single pair each husband and wife had married at the age of twenty-one for 5,000 years the population of the earth, if there had been no deaths, would now be 2,199,915 followed by 144 ciphers.—

Why There Is Always Plouty of Sitk. The market for raw silk is merely "steady." China, Japan and India are such inexhaustible storehouses of it that they can send us twice our needs with out materially affecting the price. - Chicago Tribune. Goorge Bidwell's Granddaughter.

George Bidwell, the ticket-of-leave man, who served fifteen years in Dartmoor for robbing the Bank of England. is more talked about at the Palace than any one else who stops there. Every evening he and his brother Austin, who was within the walls of Chatham nineteen years for complicity in the same robbery, may be seen about the rotunds. To Justics C. A. Low and several others last night, while alluding to his strangely checkered and stormy life, he told a story. It had reference

in part to Puritan ancestorship.
"It is a touching story," he said. "I don't often tell it. My little granddaughter-I've got three very pretty lit-tle grandchildren-one day came to me and climbed up on my knee, and looked into my face and said:

"Grandpe, did you 'teal a great big beg of gold?

"She had been taught, you see, that it was wrong to steal anything. Somebody had told her, I don't know who," added the ticket-of-leave man, his eyes perceptibly suffused and his voice just a

trifle broken.-San Francisco Examiner.

A Curious Collection of Buttons.

A somewhat carious and noteworth; collection has come into the market, and has been offered for sale to, among others, the authorities of our National museum. A Canadian gentleman has expended a vast amount of patience and shown considerable perseverance in gath-ering a collection of buttons of officers of every regiment and department of the British army. The collection, which comprises 148 buttons, has taken nine years for its formation and the owner by pursuit of his hobby.-London Tit

A fireside corner is a very pretty and A fireside corner is a very pretty and easy bles. Silenter pillurs supporting a delicate grilleweek are placed about the freet from the chiency, with which it is compected by a carrain rod. The grilleweek is meanly as high its the ceiling, and does not interfere with the perspective of the moon or hide the fireplace or manner decoration. On either able, within the precipets, are two chiences and are within the rest of the from "Decorator and Farnisheet,"

EARLY GARDEN PARTY.

Under the Blossoming White and Purple

The Pretty Frocks the Wemen Worse Further Notes on Summer Millianty —April Weddings — Interesting Gionnings from a Troussens.

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The first garden party of the summer was given yesterday to welcome the Bacs. Truth to tell, it was given mostifface. Truth to tell, it was given mostly indoors, and yet the billowy stretches of green lawn—never so vividly fresh again, however cool and showery the season — were wonderfully beautiful, with the golden damle of the Hudson water beyond, and the cliffs of the Pallandes, white with the finunting banners of the dogwood and blue with the turquoise sky coming down to touch them, for the far background.

We were just a little above the city in one of the country houses that dot the eastern bluffs of the river and that are opened and enjoyed at a season when those further from town are still buried in the winter's dest and last summer's memories. Enormous hedges

summer's memories. Enormous hedges of lilac fenced the ground from the



street, and it was through avenues of lilac trees that the driveway surved and wound. There is a story that belongs to "The Lilacs," for so is the place called; but I have forgotten it, and for one week in the spring, at least, the fragrance of the thousands upon thou-sands of purple and white flower pyra-mids is eloquent enough without further speaking. speaking.

speaking.

There were lilacs in the long, low reception parlor, in Indian jugs a hundred years old. There were lilacs in tall jars in the big antique hall and lilacs in the little old-fashioned dressing-rooms. Before the afternoon was done there were lilac twigs in every man's bettonhole and at the belt of every girl.

man's buttonhole and at the belt of every girl.

The delicately beautiful, white-haired young house mistress were a quaintly pretty like gown, of pale lavender cloth, falling in the long, sweeping princess lines, which lend to almost any woman who has the tasts and the common sense to avail herself of their grace and charm of figure. From the throat at the back started a Watteau fold—a luxury not to be indulged in so promiscuously as short, stout women are now permitting themselves to disport, but on about one woman in ten a thing of beauty and a joy. The full upper sleeves were of like velvet, with broad full ruffles of lace set in at the elbows full ruffles of lace set in at the elbows and drooping over the hands. These ruches were the simple costume's only adorument, except the white lilac bunches knotted at the walst with

ong pink ribbons.
There were some striking hats among There were some striking hats among the laughing groups that wandered over the grounds. By the way, have you noted a peculiarity in this spring's millinery? The flower stalks are very straight and very tall, and when the huge poppy or the startling huge chrysauthemum breaks into blossom on the top of one of them it looks loneome up so high in the air and uncom-

fortably unsupported.

There was a large, flat, white horsehair hat on the head of a girl who played



muis very ladly because of her hat but indefatigably. It had a such of rib-bon striped in narrow lines of gold and white for its main adornment, the ends of which, not content with interfering with her racquet and ball, occusion-ally interfered with those of some other player. Two green feathery pyramids of the scouring rush shook and nodded over it by way of further ornament. A rosy brunette wore a hat of white net, unlike the net hat of last summer:

a thing of loose puffs and dimples and loops and strange hiding places, with a rufiled brim of white Irish lave and trimmings of pink thistles with prickly

There was a girl on the eroquet ground who had pretty hair; it was a rich, warm red, and she let the loose, round curis of it fall to her walst as girls used a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps it was the hair that lent to her hat some of its remembered perfections, it was a flat, double-crowned hat of pale green, fine straw, and yet, as I look treen, fine straw, and yet, as I look tuck upon it. It assess the most delight-was a panel of white guipure, the skirt remaining open to within a foot of the bottom to show it, but finally cought together again with a pink ribbon bow. On the right the skirt was bow. On the right the mari-open all the way down with stiff little-bows on each side. The back was gath-ered and the bedies full, with a gulpare girdle and olbow sleeves of slik puffed over tight ones of lace, with roffles on the shoulders. A black crimoline has was covered with lare and trimmed with pink ribbons and blue corn flow-Estan Ospons.

of a more wivid green velvet to trim it, and hiding everywhere, much as they would tack themselves away is nature, were lush-growing leaves of the lifty of the valley, each stalk keeping jealors guard over one stem of white bells.

A simple black straw hat was more suitable to the season than some of the airier creations. It had a round, straight brim, and was decked in rather an original fashion with white lace, a big resette of which in front was finished in the middle with an owl's head of white feathers. A white lace vell, after the not very becoming fashion now prevalent, was worn.

It is a little unreasonable that the brain which accepts black straw and brown straw and blue straw and green straw and a wide range of yellow straw without reservation should falter before pink straw, and yet such is the feet. Pink straw hats are in the milliners' cases and on the streets, and there is no reason why they shouldn't be, and yet the girl who picked dandelious and stuck them into her pink directors hat was looked at—yes, I looked at her considerably.

Her hat was high-crowned and had

Her hat was high-crowned and had three rows of narrow green velvet about it, each band drawn through a buckle set with brilliants and emeralds. The brim was lined with drawn green surah; a tuft of green feathers stood high above the crown and fell partly over the brim in front in new and singular fashion. There were pink velvet strings which started from under ribbon rosettes at the back of the brim, and were brought forward to the front, where they were crossed round the neek and then tied and allowed to hang in long streamers behind.

long streamers behind.

At what loose ends everything femi-

and what an amount of marrying by mearly everybody young and feminine has been done in the fortnight since has been done in the fortnight since Easter. The prettiest "outsit" of bridesmaids, to use a western phrase, I have seen this spring officiated at the wedding of Miss Zerega. There were four of them, elender, delicately charming girls every one, and they were pale yallow bengaline skirts, with long jackets of white and yellow brocade with lace fronts. They carried bags of flowers, and each had on a white three-cornered hat, trimmed with yellow ostrich tips.

From the trousseau of one of those brides, decimed happy and certainly worthy to be called adventurous, who begin their vivage on the oft-troubled sees of matrimony with a seasiek week



on the stormy Atlantic, a few hints can,

perhaps, be taken.

First a reception dress for the beauty of it; it is too elaborate and too costly to be very generally copied. Pale apple green brocade is the material of it, and it is cut as a princess robe, with low corsage and bertha of golden yellow chiffon, knotted with green ribbons caught with emeralds. The shirt has a caught with emeralds. The surrt has a narrow, clinging front, with a deep border of tinsel and emerald embroidery. A scarf or sash drapery of reliow chiffon, like that on the bodie; is caught two or three times through emerald buckles. Of course—note the peculiar bearing of those two words this long-skirted season—there is a very long tesin.

long train.
Then a simpler freek or two for the uses of them. A tailor gown to begin with; it was packed only this morning for use in the tight little island, where tailor gowns and tall, stiff, long-waisted women reign. It was made of reddish women reign. It was made of reddish brown tweed faintly streaked with pale blue and watery green. It had a long plain sweeping skirt, opening on one side to show a narrow panel of shot silk in shades of green and blue. For top finish it had a boyish Eten jacket, over a pointed waistoont with a necket a pointed waistcoat, with a notched collar end a four-in-hand shot silk tie. For a traveling dress, or equally suitable, perhaps, for street wear, was a simple gray diagonal freek with a bell skirt, trimmed at the foot in folds. The lodice opened alightly at the throat is a V. edged with veivet, over a front of dark green cloth. Green velvet ribbons came from beneath the arms and tied in front. The hat arranged for an accompaniment was of gray straw with

companiment was of gray straw with trimmings of green velvet and ferns.

A pretty little tea gown was of Nile green India silk with a Wasteau back and profusely trimmed with lace and ribbons. Two other tea or bondsir frocks were, one of white carmelite with draped waist and alceves, and the other of gold colored crepen, trimmed with bands of black remaissance lace.

A dainty warm weather dress of pale blue India silk figured in pink is the last one I shall have room for. The less one I shall have room for. ekirt was cut off on each hip and shirred to form small passiers; on the left side

PRICES OF WILD ANIMALS. What They Cost When fiet Down to a Loslogical Garden.

One would hardly think that the cos of transportation from their native homes often exceeds the money paid for animals in a wild state, and that it for animals in a wild state, and that it would be impossible to replace some of the animals at any price, says the Philadelphia Record. Take one of the 200 bears bought in the Rocky mountains for instance. It was probably sold among its rocky wilds at \$20 by the number who had shot its mother the previous day. The cost of transportation of the orbet to the site would be tion of the cub to this city would be about 2103. Mule deer cought in the Rocky mountains were sold there, probably, for fill oach, but it would take \$50 each to bring them here.

It would be next to impossible to re-place Bolivar, the giant elephant, if he about die. Travelers my there is only one Kaples, and children agree that there is only one Bolivar. It took \$10,-600 to import Holicar when he made his first bow to the American public and

time for solar reflection and his ners are slowly improving. He is feet high at the shoulder, and about y without a rival in his psealier if the world. The average price for a grown elephant is about \$6,000.

But what of the almost priceless of the Ecots sistem buildings? are valued commercially at \$600 c but they are so rare that it went impossible to replace them if the stroying angel would come down a night and sign their death warm it is food for reflection to be told twenty years ago buffalo hides a sold for 50 to 75 cents cach, and then two great hards of buffaloss in country numbered over \$1,000,000. the noble animals were wanted leather, so into leather they want. I there are shout 500 buffaloss alive, mounted buffalo hands are sold in \$250 to \$550 each.

mounted buffalo hands are sold from \$250 to \$250 each.
Since the Zeo's rhineseres has taken up his residence there his value has increased by about \$2,000. He is worth \$5,000, and could not be replaced for less than \$7,000. The Zeo has not had a hippopotamus aince the \$6,000 one died in 1986. A giraffe costs about \$6,000, but a gorilla is so rare in captivity that one would probably bring \$20,000. 820,000.

\$20,000.

The children remember "Pompey," the big lion who recently died at the zeo. In his prime it would have taken \$1,000 to replace "Pompey." The two old lions now at the Zeo are valued at old lions now at the Zoo are valued at \$2,000, and that their worth has increased may be seen when it is said that the two young lions, which are about 10 months old, are only valued at \$1,000. The python, 12 feet long, is valued at \$100, but a 20-foot python or bos could not be got for less than \$400. The Zoo's sebra is valued at \$1,000, and could not be replaced at less than \$1,000. The ostrich is a very line specimen, and is valued at \$400. valued at \$400.

TRAINING THE EYE.

What a Young Woman Does in a Hous-paper Clipping Bureau.

The capacity of the human eye for special training is even greater than that of the hand, says the New York Herald. A young woman employed in one of the clipping bureaus of that city one of the clipping bureaus of that city can see certain names and subjects. a glance at the page of a newspaper. They are the names and subjects she is paid to look up through hundreds of newspapers every day. What the ordinary reader would have to read column after column to find—and then might

after column to find—and then might miss—she sees at what access the mercest casual glance at the sheet as soon as it is spread out before her.

"They stand right out," said ale, laughingly, "just as if they were printed in bold black type and all the rest was small print. I couldn't help seeing them if I wanted to. When I begin to look up a new matter and down an old look up a new matter and drop and one it bothers me a little—the latter being in my mertal way all the time and the former to be hunted—but in a few or one disappears and the other appears in some mysterious way, I can't tell how. I used to think bank cashiers and tellers were a remarkable set of people, but I now find that the eye is much quicker than the hand and is sunceptible of a higher training." A GOOD LESSON.

A Lawyer's Valuable But Somewhat Cost.

It is one of the "minor morals" that a borrowed book should be carefully used and returned without being defiled by dirty hands, or disfigured by marks and turned-down leaves. This self-evi-dent, but too often forgoiten, rule was once brought home to a lawyer by a judge.
The late Judge L., of St. Louis, a

profound lawyer, was particular to ec-centricity in the care of his splendid library. An eminent attorney wanted to use a certain text-book in a case on trial in a county seat not far from St. Louis. He remembered that Judge L-had a copy, and telegraphed for the

Ioan of it.

The book came promptly by express, and with it a printed slip, the price of the book filled in with a pen, reading about as follows: "This book cost me 8—. Do not damage it, nor break nor turn down the corners of leaves, nor mark same; if you do, keep the book and

mark same; if you do, keep the book and remit me the price stated."

The attorney read the slip, left it on his deak, and carried the book to the courtroom where he was engaged in the trial. During the progress of the trial the opposing counsel got hold of the book, and marked and turned down the corners of several leaves to which he desired to refer in his argument.

After the case was through, the sitorney who borrowed the book, forgetting the injunction of Judge Laws slip, esturned it to him. It is few days he was surprised again to receive the volume by express, together with a letter from Judge L.—, saying:

"You have marked and turned flows several leaves in the book I leaned you heep it and send me the publisher's price, which is b—"

which is 5-"

The attorney tells his experience as a lesson to members of the bar who mark and mar law beeds.

State Socialism to Bottend.

State socialism is conquering old Europe with rapid strides. It is now the government of Holland that has matured a scheme for the purchase of those ratireeds of the kingdom that are still in the hands of private companies. But it is generally feared that the government, after having became owner of the reads, will not run them itself, but rent them out to companies to run them to their advantage and neglect the interests of the public.

Three Young Rea Drown PRILADELPHIA, May 16 - During a squall Sunday afternoon a rowhoat in the Delaware river containing five young men and boys was capited and three of the occupants—Levis Ternere, 19 years old, Charles Anderson (colored), 22 years old, and George Roelt, 24 years old—were drowned.

Sale of the Howard Paper Mill. Muxama, Win., May 16.—The field was completed in Oshkosh flux ay by which the G. W. Howard paper mill in this city was sold to Oshkosh partice for \$125,000. Ten thousand doi are was paid as a guarantee of good faith, and the formal transfer will be the Jone 1